

STUDENT REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • JULY 1991

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(PAGE 14)**



STEPHEN SMITH

Student Review
Foundation for
Student Thought
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R E V I E W

Student Review is an independent
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articles to *Student Review*. Articles
should examine life at BYU—sometimes
humorously, sometimes critically, but
always sensitively.

Student Review values the principles
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LDS Church, and the highest standards
of journalistic ethics.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review*
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NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER: STUDENT REVIEW GETS THE SHAFT AGAIN

Student Review's persecution
complex was rekindled again last
month. On June 22, the Provo
Daily Herald announced that it had
received an award from Associ-
ated Press for its "investigative
reporting" on the Karl Snow-Mike
Strand relationship. For me, the
Snow-Strand story was indeed the
highlight of the year in the Utah
County press.

But it was *Student Review*, not
the *Herald*, which first revealed the
details of Snow's relationship with
Strand. It wasn't until October 9,
1990 that the *Herald* began
questioning Snow's involvement
with Unique Battery and Global
Oil, and an analysis of the Snow-
Strand relationship didn't appear
until October 14.

Student Review, on the other
hand, ran two full-length analyses
of Snow's involvement with
Strand by the time the *Herald's*
October 14 article came out. Eric
Schulzke, who had worked on the
John Harmer campaign and who
was instrumental in distributing
information to the press about the
Snow affair, authored three in-
depth articles on Karl Snow for
Student Review, two of which
appeared before the *Herald's*
October 14 analysis, the first on
October 3 and the second on
October 10. The third appeared on
October 17.

Why did the *Herald* wait so long
to release the story? Since the
information was given to them
before the primary election, they
could have run the story in

September. At the time, sources
told me that Geneva Steel's Chris
Cannon and Karl Snow himself
paid a visit to the *Herald's* editor
the night before the story was to
run. Then the *Herald* apparently
waited for someone else to make
the first move. *Student Review*
finally made that move, incurred
the wrath of Snow as a result, and
now the *Herald* is getting the
award.

Snow filed an exaggerated
complaint with the Federal
Election Commission after the
election and accused *Student
Review* of foul play. In the com-
plaint Snow lied and said that the
Review did not run or solicit his
response to Eric's articles. How-
ever, the response was solicited
and it appeared on October 24.
Once the FEC read Eric's stories,
the complaint was shelved.

I think Eric Schulzke and *Student
Review* deserve the AP award. But
then, of course, I also think that the
Review should be allowed to
distribute on campus without the
administration being responsible
for it, that there should be a *Student
Review* Club on campus, and that
there should be no limits to which
campus entities may advertise with
the *Review*.

Maybe in my next life.

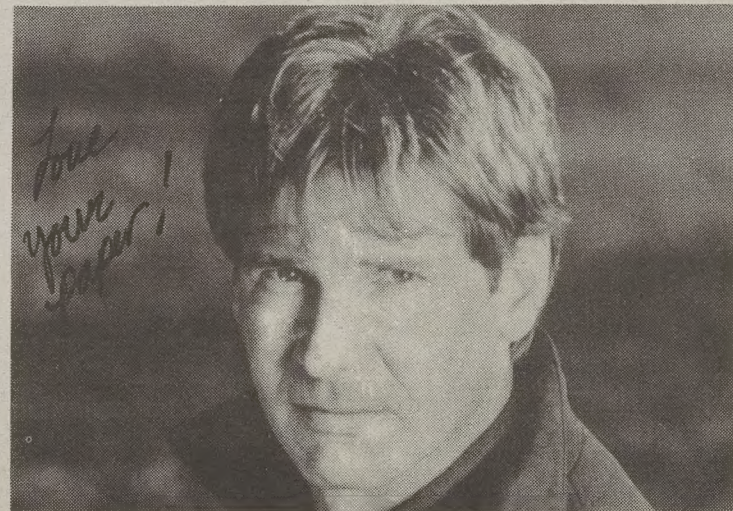
John Armstrong

STAFF NOTES

This month's Dry T-Shirt Contest® winner is Celia Orme. Celia's
winning article in June's *Student Review* was titled "BYU: Mission versus
Reality."

The July staff person of the month is Eric Bench. Eric's experience in
advertising and sales has made all the difference to *Student Review's* bank
account. Thanks Eric!

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT



HARRISON FORD

INTERVIEW WITH A MORMON OBJECTOR

by Matthew Stannard



YOU RARELY FIND ANY LATTER-day Saints in the role of conscientious objector," President Thomas S. Monson said recently. Monson, second counselor in the First Presidency of the LDS Church, remarked that Mormons "don't believe in marches and protests and carrying placards." These were a few of the many comments Monson told AP reporter George W. Cornell following the war in the Persian Gulf.

Were Monson's comments meant to be taken as directive, or descriptive? Are Mormons patriotic citizens anxious to take up arms and support their countries' military campaigns? The 35,000 Mormons in the US armed forces might indicate so. The widespread LDS support for the Vietnam War—both official and unofficial—might provide further evidence.

But if it is true that personal conscience is the best evidence, then the testimony of one LDS Army reservist must be weighed against both Monson's statements and 20th century Mormon politics. This is his story.

Spencer grew up in Salt Lake City. He joined the reserves at seventeen, to make money and get a college education. He admits, "I compromised my values," but is quick to point out that his recruiter told him he'd be safe; there would be no activation in this new, peaceful world, and even if there were, reservists would be "safer" because others would be drafted.

His interest in medicine led him to pursue medical training in the service. In December of 1990, while America teetered on the brink of war in the Near East, Spencer was sent to Germany to work in a hospital. When the war started and casualties were sent there, he realized that basic training hadn't made him ready for what he'd been thrust into.

"We got the worst of the worst," Spencer says quietly, recounting the story of an

active duty soldier in Germany who, in desperate fear, shot and killed his family and himself before he was transferred to the Gulf. The event gave Spencer nightmares.

On January 13, Spencer's base went on alert. Spencer, a medic who had clearly expressed reservations about combat duty, was made an armed guard in full combat gear—including a loaded M-16. After being told to shoot any trespassers, he requested another duty. "I want[ed] to decide who my enemies are," he says. He could not fathom the thought of killing a stranger, regardless of strategic vitality or patriotic loyalty. His request was first answered with a pep talk from a supervisor; when Spencer remained insistent, he was intimidated by threats of brutality, then placed on restriction and cleaning detail.

While the war kept him busy, the large peace movement in Germany caught his attention. By now Spencer felt desperate and feared for his safety. But one day—a day that he says changed his life—he was handed a flyer from a peace activist outside the base. It read: "You have the right to leave the army." The literature told of legal provisions that allowed active-duty military personnel to apply for conscientious objector status. It noted that during such an application process, the objector was entitled to certain rights, such as freedom from abuse and intimidation, and the right to legal aid. "This was new information to me," Spencer says. "I'd heard stories of deserters being jailed or shot. I never thought I'd be able to just get out."

Unfortunately, it didn't turn out to be that simple. Spencer was turned away from the base's legal office three times and told that no such provisions existed. Finally, a sergeant gave him the necessary forms, commenting loudly, "I think all C.O.'s should be shot." Undaunted, Spencer began the application process.

Once it was learned that he was trying to

get out, Spencer says his life became miserable. The mental abuse got worse. "I had to stand at parade rest every time my [supervisor] was in the room. Nobody else in the room had to, just me. My superiors called me terrible names and continued violent threats." On one occasion, the base colonel told Spencer loudly, and in public, "You're an embarrassment to the Army."

Spencer earnestly believes these treatments were "due to my beliefs" rather than his actions. He says that his opposition to the war was not taken seriously, and his moral stand was interpreted as cowardice.

One important part of his conscientious objector process was an interview with an ecclesiastical leader. Naturally, Spencer went to the LDS chaplain, a bishop whom he'd known since before his unit had been sent to Germany. Spencer says the bishop was neither sympathetic nor compassionate, that he used LDS "theology" to intimidate and threaten Spencer, and that he warned him that his status in the Church would be endangered by such actions. "I knew this was not true," Spencer says, "but it hurt me anyway. I was confused and not sure about my beliefs." Spencer adds that experiences like this were common with other objectors he'd spoken to.

He spent his last days on duty doing the minor tasks he'd been assigned, collecting his thoughts, and counselling other military objectors. In his spare moments, he would converse with the wounded who'd made it to Germany. One soldier told him of hundreds of military objectors who'd been beaten by their own American comrades and thrown in Saudi jails. They'd gone through the same application process as Spencer's. "I guess I was lucky," he comments. "One of them was a woman who'd deserted for twenty four hours. She'd been told by her base that she'd be treated fairly and given legal counsel, so she went back. They shackled her and threw her into jail."

Other stories were even more disturbing. There was the one about the surrendering Iraqis who'd been massacred by eager American troops. One unit had stumbled on about thirty Iraqi soldiers who threw down their guns and raised their hands. The unit commander took an antitank gun and shot one of them, tearing his body in two. The commander's men became crazed and proceeded to kill every last Iraqi.

Stories like this disturbed Spencer and affirmed his original sentiments. But even those stories didn't prepare him for his homecoming. Yellow ribbons on every tree and pole, "God Bless the Troops" T-shirts, and biased newspaper articles greeted his return to BYU. "It makes me sick," he says. "Patriotism like that is scary, especially when most Americans have no idea what's really going on over there."

"Bush talks about freedom while people are starving to death here [in America]," he says. He believes people ought to examine the government's motives more critically. "If Kuwait manufactured paint, we'd never have gone there. This war was about money, not anything else." And it resulted not only in an excessive loss of Iraqi life, he claims, but in an unreasonable compromise of American freedom. "They [the American military] treated dissenters like trash and denied fundamental rights," even rights that were guaranteed to military personnel.

Spencer is no longer at BYU. He found the insensitivity too disturbing. He feels betrayed by the Church and bitter towards America. Many people might flippantly suggest that if he doesn't like it, he can leave. And that's exactly what he's doing. Soon, Spencer will be living in Europe again, within "a society that cares more about people than money." He'll remain active in the peace movement. He doubts he'll remain active in the Church. Δ

BYU ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS FOR TRAFFIC AND PARKING OFFICERS

by Rick Carpenter

BYU HAS SEVERAL EXCITING POSITIONS available in the Traffic Office, located in the heart of police activity, the basement of the ASB. Why get a job with Lost and Found or Grounds Crew when you can be a part of the Traffic Office's fast-paced criminal apprehension programs. Just look at the job descriptions below and if you think you fit the bill, then come on down to the ASB and fill out an application.

TRAFFIC OFFICER REQUIREMENTS

1. Must be able to pass the Presidential Physical Fitness Test.
2. High school graduate. (or GED equivalent).
3. Demonstrate ability to walk (without limping) while strapped with a gun.
4. One year of experience driving an automatic transmission and demonstrate the ability to drive safely at 5-10 mph over the speed limit (in order to chase down speeding offenders).

5. No allergies to polyester or rayon uniforms.
6. Demonstrate ability to distinguish between K-Mart blue light specials and BYU blue light emergency phones.
7. Successfully complete a rigorous five hour training program (also available by mail through Independent Study for a small fee).

DUTIES

1. Enforce any and all rules, regulations, and guidelines published or unpublished which may be construed to apply to the BYU community.
2. Maintain the official department image as a vital element of the university without which all normal operations would collapse into a lawless chaos.
3. Be polite and courteous at all times (unless, of course, asked to justify your actions).

BENEFITS

1. Free BYU health plan (with \$50 deductible for each visit and/or phone call).

2. Free on-the-job use of a sporty white Chevrolet squad car with unlimited on-campus miles.
3. Impressive blue uniform, complete with flashy badge and other accessories, provided free of charge.
4. Free BYU tuition (applicable only to job-related Independent Study courses).

If you don't quite measure up to the grueling lifestyle of a BYU Traffic Officer, we encourage you to apply for the demanding, yet more relaxed, job of Parking Officer.

PARKING OFFICER REQUIREMENTS

1. Must be free of all foot diseases.
2. Demonstrate ability to walk.
3. Must be free from all social engagements that might hinder work schedule.
4. Demonstrate ability to refute any excuses for parking in a faculty zone without a properly validated parking sticker, including the infamous, "Hey buddy, move your butt! There's a fire!"
5. No allergies to polyester or rayon.

DUTIES

1. Fill Traffic Officers' hot chocolate pot each morning.
2. During winter, clean snow daily from 10,000 parked cars to reveal parking stickers.
3. Write as many tickets as possible (prizes awarded daily to the officer with the highest dollar total in fines).
4. Fill the hot chocolate pot again for the next shift.

BENEFITS

1. Free leftover hot chocolate.
2. Impressive brown uniform, complete with flashy badge, provided free of charge (additional accessories are available for a small charge).
3. Overtime work during football and basketball seasons directing traffic with free traffic-pylon orange vest.

Be all that you can be. Be a part of the unstoppable BYU crime-prevention team! Δ

BAIL ME OUT, BERTHA

DEAR BERTHA,

I'm 24, going to BYU, married with six children and a two-bedroom apartment at Wymount. I have my food storage, 72 hour kit, and a wheat grinder. I'm still not happy. What else can I do?

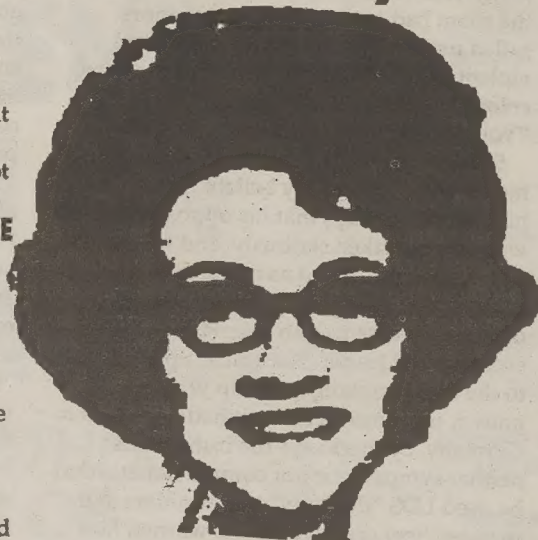
—SUICIDAL SUE

DEAR SUE,

Bertha has divined the source of your gloomy despondence. You continue to feel those overwhelming pangs of guilt for chanting "Kick Saddam's butt" for the last eight months. Your pitiful behavior haunts you as well it should, so don't think that peace sign tattoo you just got will fully assuage your conscience. Get rid of the GI Joe machine guns you gave to your kids last Christmas and then maybe you'll feel better.

DEAR BERTHA,

I met this girl while home teaching two years ago. I became real good friends with her and after awhile we began doing everything together. It wasn't too long after our first meeting that I had fallen for her and decided to "go for it." The only problem was that she thought of me as her big brother and could only love me as such. I tried to get her out of my mind last summer and thought I had. It was the middle of September when we finally ran across each other again, and it all started over. Now I am miserable again and wish that there was something I could do. I sent her a rose and a poem, but it got me nowhere. I really do love her and think



that we would be happier as a couple than we are as friends, and that is saying a lot. Should I continue to be friends with her and hope that something will come of it? Or should I stop seeing her and over time get rid of the pain? One thing I should tell you is that though I have dated other girls, she is the one that remains imprinted on my mind.

—LIVING IN PAIN

DEAR LIP,

Bertha has no desire to answer letters from those wallowing in self-pity such as yourself. Bertha herself is plenty pained by recent developments in her own life, and I would like to share them with you, my devoted readership. Last Friday night I was riding up to campus to attend an EFY dance at the Ernest L. Wilkinson Center. (Lest you get the wrong idea, Bertha was not crashing the dance with the intent of meeting zit-faced teeny-boppers. As part of the instructional

dance period at the beginning of each ball, Bertha was asked to teach a mini-version of her popular BYU class: PE-Dance 105 Beginning Slam.) En route to the Wilk I found myself riding my neon plaid mountain bike up the ramp behind the Smith Fieldhouse, when lo and behold I was stopped by a friendly man in blue atop his own, more conservative, two-wheeler. He told me in no uncertain terms that my behavior was not only unlawful, but endangered the lives of all trying to practice proper pedestrianism. I wasn't about to put up with any of his nonsense, but before I could even put up my kickstand, that ninny in navy had handcuffed me and was hauling me to the bowels of the ASB. Lucky for Bertha, I had forgotten to take out the last bobbypin from my hair (yes my friends, that's how I create my fashionable doo), and as quick as a whistle I had escaped. Bertha has survived numerous such arrest attempts in the past and thought nothing of it until she saw her picture on a wanted poster in the BYU Post Office. As you might guess, that was enough to permanently peeve Bertha, and I have vowed to constantly defy the inane rules enforced by any and all BYU wannabe cops that dare to cross my path!Δ

Editor's Note: The viewpoints expressed in Bertha's column this month are entirely her own. Student Review in no way endorses lawlessness, so please walk your bicycle across campus.

Perturbed, Perplexed, or Peeved? Write Bertha the Omniscient at PO Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602.

EAVESDROPPER

Things were getting pretty slow on campus this month (actually, I just stopped going to class and never made it up there) so I had to wander the streets of Provo and other nearby small towns to overhear enough dumb statements to keep you all happy.

POOLSIDE AT KING HENRY APTS JUN 15, 1:58 PM

Guy: "That's what I like about summer, girls walking around without any clothes on, carrying their laundry."

SCERA THEATRE JUN 18, 9:14 PM

Frustrated female: "You know, I've been dreaming about being a man for about three weeks now."

ENTRANCE TO PARKWEST JUN 26, 7:45 PM

Inebriated Indigo Girl fan: "It's hard to drink and walk at the same time."

EXIT TO PARKWEST JUN 26, 10:56 PM

Overly defensive guy: "I am not an Aquarius!"

JKHB JULY 3, 10:27 AM

Girl English major: "Do you believe in deconstructionism?"

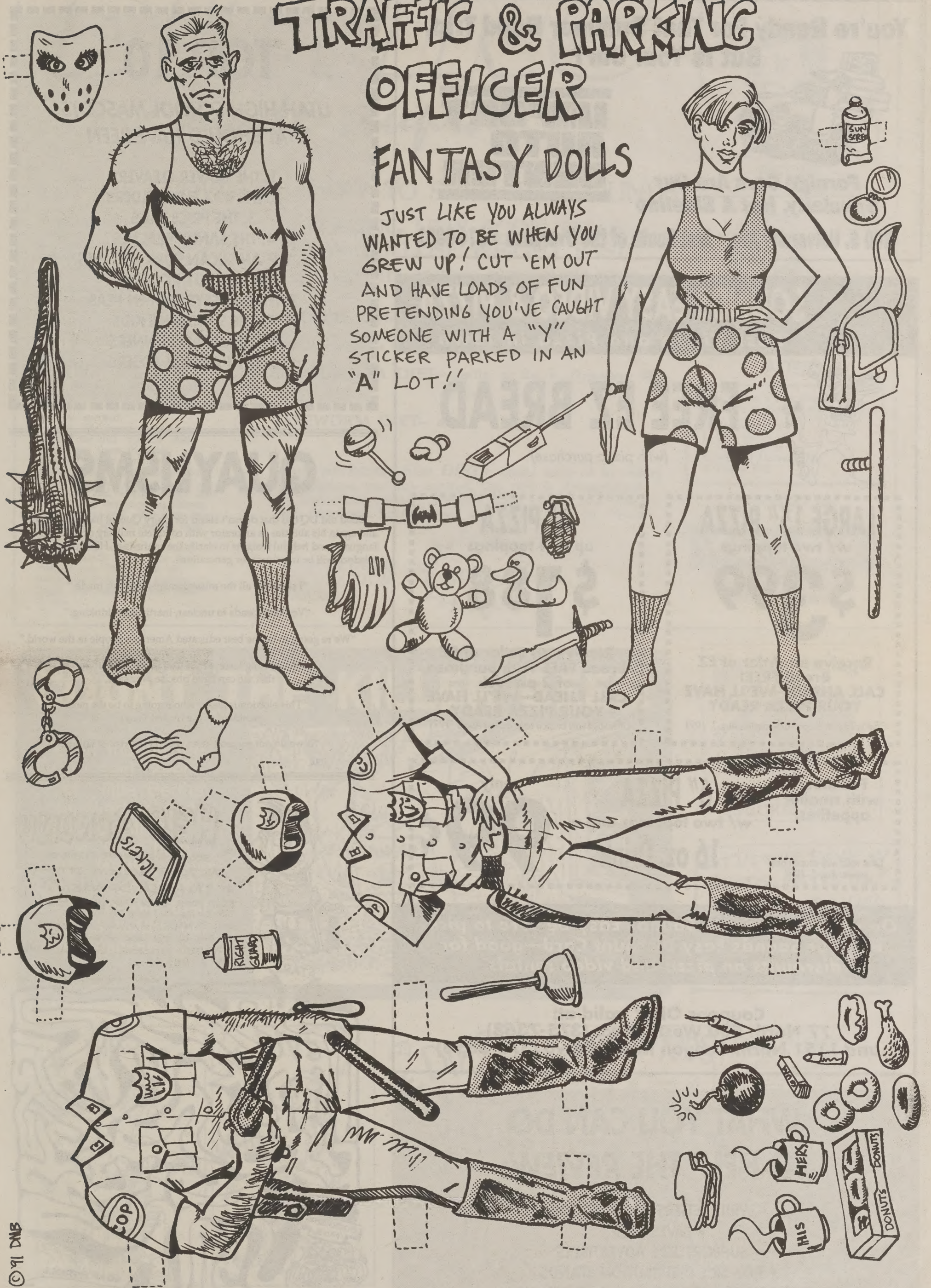
Guy English major: "I believe in it like I believe in ghosts. They're there and you have to deal with them, but they're not gonna do you any good."

You too can be the Eavesdropper! Overheard any good quotes recently? Send them to Eavesdroppings, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602.

TRAFFIC & PARKING OFFICER

FANTASY DOLLS

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TOP 10

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THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN**

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2. THE BOX ELDER ELDERS
3. THE PRICE TAGS
4. THE SANDY BEACHES
5. THE AMERICAN FORK UTENSILS
6. THE ROY ROGERS
7. THE BIRDSEYE FROZEN PEAS
8. THE SUNDANCE KIDS
9. THE LOGAN RUNNERS
10. THE PARADISE LOSERS

QUAYLISMS

Good old DQ (no that doesn't stand for Dairy Queen) has proven time and again his abilities as an orator with complete mastery of the English language and helpful insights to clarify the confusing. His timeless wisdom will be treasured for generations.

"I stand by all the misstatements that I've made."

"Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate thinking."

"We're going to be the best educated American people in the world."

"...getting [cruise missiles] more accurate so
that we can have precise precision."

"This election is about who's going to be the next
president of the United States!"

"If we do not succeed, then we run the risk of failure."



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GOOD FLYING!!

CONCEPT: J. ARMSTRONG ART: D. EASTMAN

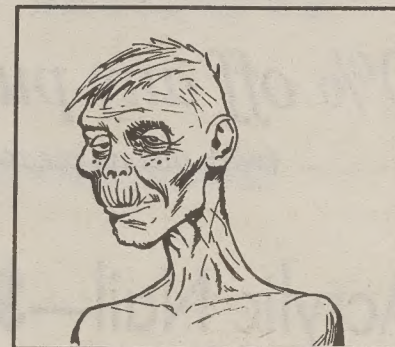


DIETING

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BEFORE



AFTER

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO SHED THE POUNDS

Recently there has been a proliferation of diet fads, books, handbooks, videotapes, recipes, specialty food shops, and the like. Americans are throwing away money by the truckload; if any of these methods really worked on a permanent basis for most of the people most of the time, there would be virtually no market for the others. Just think about that the next time you're lining the pockets of people who push products like Slimfast, or Deal-A-Meal. The fact that so many diet books have made their authors rich and famous is a testimony to the failure of all of them to succeed.

Yep. Too many people are looking for that "miracle" diet that'll give them the easy, painless way to shed pounds. Of course, there are extremists who suffer agonizing ordeals needlessly and without result. Too many suffer the yo-yo syndrome. They lose weight, relax their new habits, and put the weight right back on again.

You may wonder if weight loss can really be all that bad. Well, it can. "Well," you ask, "what can I do?" The answer: forget your diet fads and listen to me.

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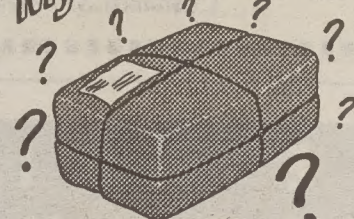
55595 UNIV. STATION
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COUNT THE KILLER BEES!

Even though the sign said "keep out," little Bertha sneaked in and fooled with the hive. Now help little Bertha count the enraged killer bees before their stings render her unconscious.



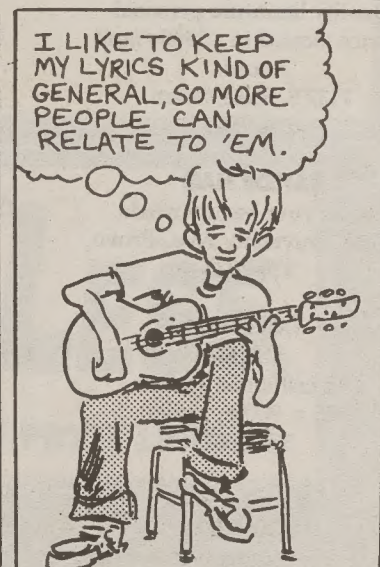
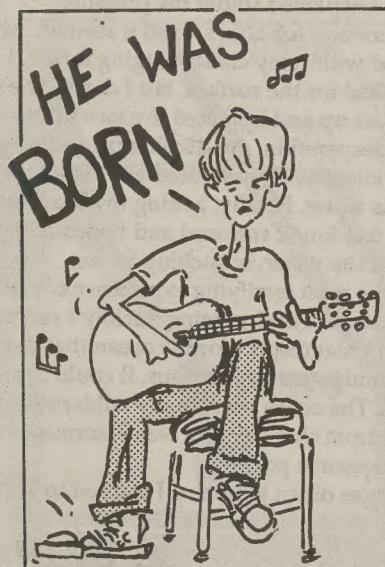
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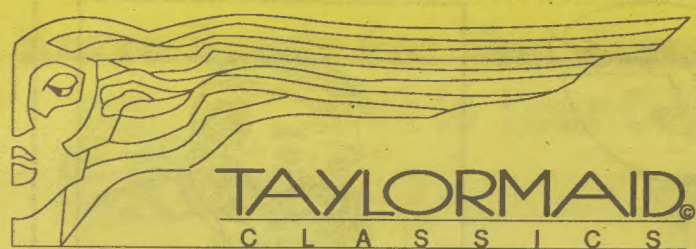
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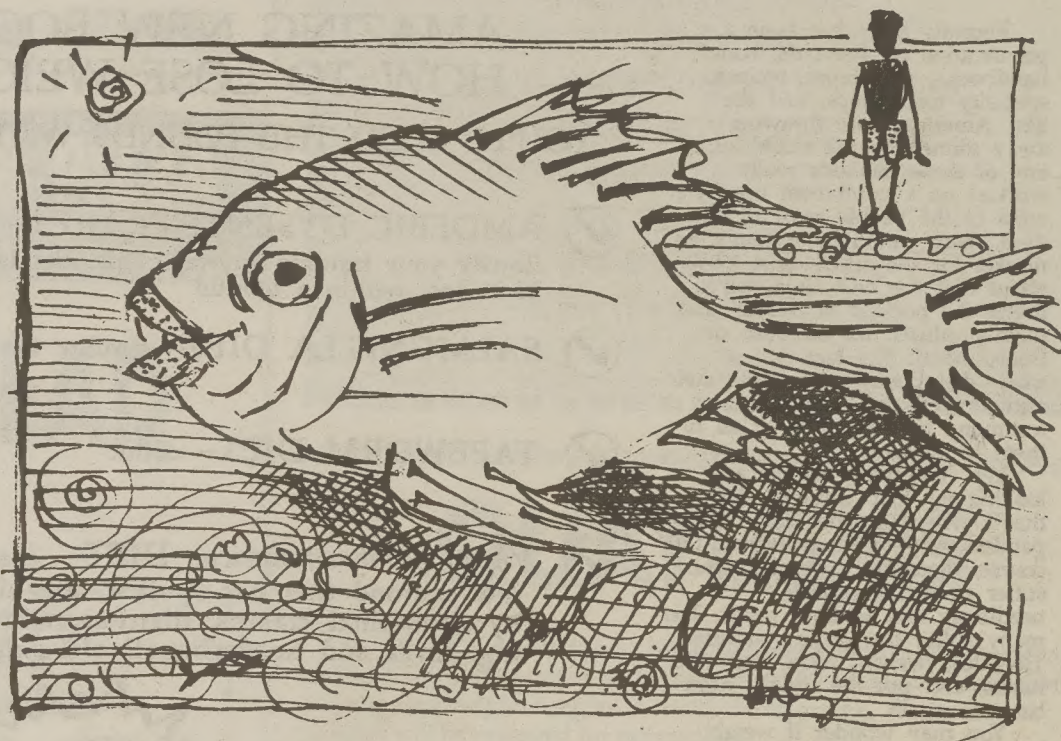
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ARTS & LEISURE

ENSENADA, MEXICO

by Sean Ziebarth



The following poem and essay were inspired by William Butler Yeats' poem *Lake Isle of Innesfree*.

I will arise and go now, and go to Ensenada, Mexico,
And a small stucco house build there, windows facing
the ocean;
One large water tank I will have there, eating many a
churro and fish taco,
And live alone, with my wife, on the wave-loud
ocean.

And I shall ride some waves there, with my surf-
board, dropping in slow,
Dropping in from the sun-kissed lip to where the
dolphins swim;
There midnight's warm with a soft breeze, and noon a
sun bright glow,
And evening ablaze with fire on the ocean's brim.

I will arise and go now, for always morning and day
I hear the seagulls screaming, screeching, singing by
the shore;
While I lie in bed in my Utah home, or along the
sidewalks grey,
I hear them, with the crashing waves, deep in my
heart's core.

THE ORIGIN OF ENSENADA, MEXICO

MY INTENSE LOVE FOR THE BEACH ORIGINATES
somewhere within my genetic structure;
I'm a sixth-generation native Californian.
I can't remember the first time I went to
the beach, just like I can't remember the
first time I met my parents; they've just
always been there.

Ever since I can remember my family has always
spent our summer vacations in a beach house on
Coronado Street on the Balboa Peninsula in Newport
Beach. This might not seem so strange, but it is when
you consider the fact that we've never lived more
than four miles from the ocean. More recently my
aunt and uncle built a house on the Punto Estero in
Ensenada, Mexico. Every summer I spend two weeks
there, enjoying the isolation. But when I do run into
people, they are Mexican and I can speak Spanish
with them. They are a humble and simple people.

From the ages of about five to ten years old my
relationship with the ocean was innocent and careful.
I spent most of my time digging for sandcrabs,
looking for shells, building sandcastles (I still love
takeing a handful of wet sand and letting it dribble
slowly between my fingers, creating miniature

castles), burying my feet in the sand up to my ankles,
and waiting for the incoming tide to flood the holes,
causing my feet to sink further into the sand. When I
ventured farther into the water I rarely went past my
head. My brother Jason, my cousins Toni and Scot,
and I used to wade into the ocean up to our chests.
When a wave approached, one of us would yell
"over," and we'd all jump as hard as we could, letting
the motion of the wave lift us into the air. Or one of us
would yell "under" and we'd all sink to the bottom,
letting the wave pass over us. While under the wave I
would open my eyes and watch the beauty and
power of the breaking wave as it passed over my
head.

One summer, when I was nine years old, I went
swimming with my father and his friend Steve. The
waves were very big that day, and even though my
father was close by I felt very alone. As the waves
grew in height, I had to swim quickly towards them
so that they wouldn't break on top of me. I floated in
awe at the power of the waves. I was in the middle of
so much activity and energy. With each passing wave
I felt insignificant and powerless. One wave hap-
pened to be out a little farther than the others and it
was getting big, fast. I frantically kicked my legs,
stroked with my arms, racing towards the wave,
hoping that I'd make it in time.

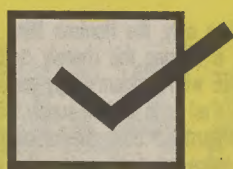
My back buckled as the force of the wave came
crashing down on me. I twisted, turned, tumbled, and
scrambled for breath as the wave tossed my body
around like a rag doll. At the last second I looked up
at the wave, and I knew it was going to crush me. I
dove to the ocean floor, but to no avail. The wave fell;
the sand and I exploded under the pressure.

I was underwater for hours, or so it seemed. My
lungs writhed within my chest, begging for air. I
panicked, bolted for the surface, but I didn't know
which way was up and I planted my face firmly into
the sand. In desperation, my diaphragm and lungs
convulsed, violently. They wanted air, but all they
could get was water. Finally, getting my bearings
straight, my feet found the sand and I boosted myself
quickly out of the water, scratching for air.

That was the most terrifying experience of my life. I
tasted the bitterness of drowning; luckily I survived. I
also gained a great respect for the ocean that day. The
ocean was omnipotent, mysterious. It could drain me
of life at will. The ocean became my wilderness, my
frontier, and from that day on I was determined to
harness its awesome power.

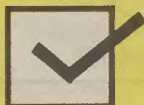
From the ages of ten to twelve I learned to surf. My

**SEE ENSENADA,
CONTINUED ON PAGE 11**



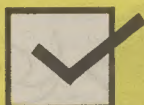
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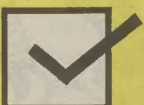
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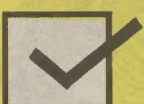
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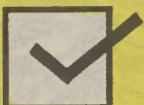
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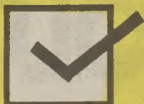
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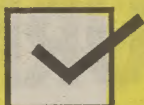
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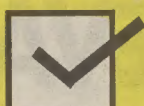
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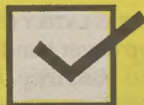
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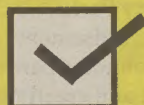
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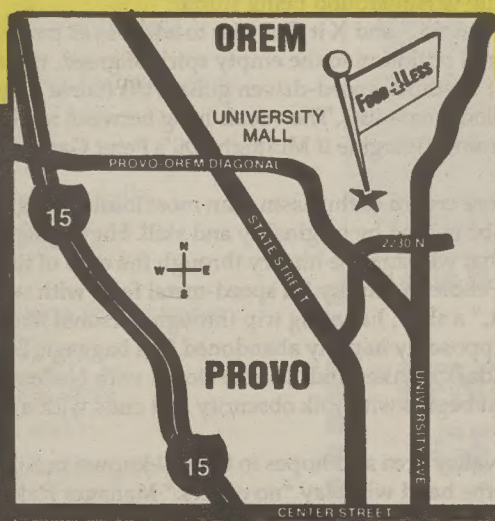
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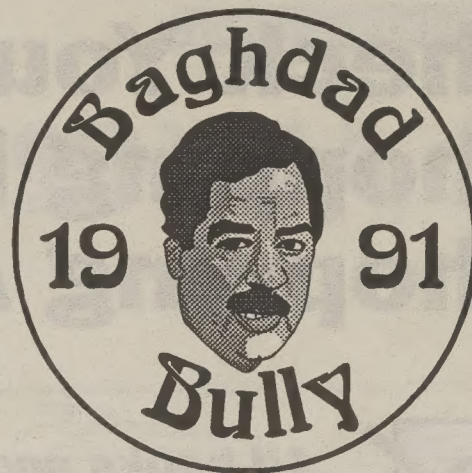
BRUSHES WITH FAME

by David Sundahl

I met Tommy Curren (world champion surfer) at a fireside in Irvine, California.
I helped Michael Ho (professional surfer) break into his house to get his surfboard for a coming heat in the OP pro.
Connie Francis drove by me once.
My brother met John Candy at an L.A. King's game.
I saw Tom Hanks in the SLC airport.
My friend's ex-girlfriend's little sister's best friend saw Arnold Schwarzenegger waterskiing at Lake Arrowhead.
My wife's friend's friend is best friends with Mia Farrow.
My friend went to high school with Sean Penn.
My little brother's friend wrestled Ty Detmer.
I flew to Europe on the same plane as ShaNaNa.
I have a signed letter and picture from Mr. Rogers.

Please send your Brushes with Fame to
A&L Editor P.O. Box 7092 Provo Utah, 84602.

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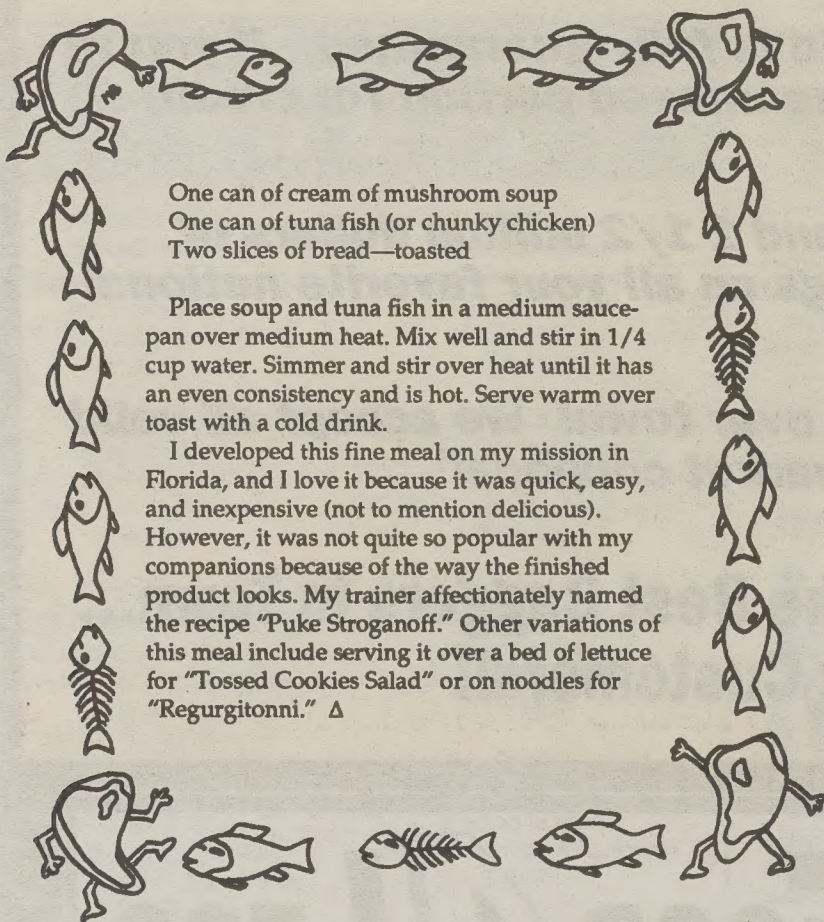
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IT'S GOOD EVEN IF IT DON'T LOOK GOOD

by Bob Newell

BACK OF THE ICEBOX



One can of cream of mushroom soup
One can of tuna fish (or chunky chicken)
Two slices of bread—toasted

Place soup and tuna fish in a medium saucepan over medium heat. Mix well and stir in 1/4 cup water. Simmer and stir over heat until it has an even consistency and is hot. Serve warm over toast with a cold drink.

I developed this fine meal on my mission in Florida, and I love it because it was quick, easy, and inexpensive (not to mention delicious). However, it was not quite so popular with my companions because of the way the finished product looks. My trainer affectionately named the recipe "Puke Stroganoff." Other variations of this meal include serving it over a bed of lettuce for "Tossed Cookies Salad" or on noodles for "Regurgitoni." Δ

X IT OUT: THE RETURN OF RELEVANCE

by Matthew Stannard

THE SALT LAKE/PROVO MUSIC SCENE HAS LATELY BEEN CHARACTERIZED BY PRETENTIOUS JOY Division worship and synth-pop cover bands. Only a few acts have emerged into originality; most have faded into obscurity. Add to the former a band from Salt Lake Valley's west side: X it Out, playing hard, precise, demanding art-rock that reaches into the heart of the political and spiritual conflicts of our time. They may be the best new band Utah has seen in years.

At a July 5th concert in Liberty Park, X it Out displayed their wares to a fairly large audience. Many were lured by KJQ advertisements and the promotional efforts of local actor Rich Stay, who likes the way the trio sounds—particularly, he says, their message that it is better to contain aggression in intellect and creativity.

"Our music is constantly changing," says bass player Shawn Birch. "Shawn's never satisfied with anything," adds guitarist and vocalist Stephen R. Nellessen. Steve lists David Gilmour's work as his chief influence, but (perhaps to appease the KJQ fans) assures me he loves REM ("They've got good air"). The band's third member, drummer Scott Gunderson, returned only recently from a high-baptizing LDS mission to "Hell" (actually New Jersey). Mentioning the band's desire to send positive messages to an intelligent audience, Scott philosophizes: "It's a waste of a good life to run around being stupid."

Now there are many ways of being "stupid," and X it Out tries to address as many as possible. From alcohol abuse to industrial pollution to the empty spirit of greed, the messages ring clear, delivered by eclectic, defiant rhythms, speed-driven guitar riffs (Steve may be the fastest player in Utah) and a quick, melodic bass line. The vocals hang between mellow harmonies and Steve's intense lamentations (imagine if Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett learned to sing).

The trio's nine song set provoked more crowd enthusiasm than most local shows, proving that even low-key Utah audiences can be moved by originality and skill. Highlights included "Subjected to Right," which suggests that we examine history through the eyes of the oppressed rather than the powerful; "Pebble in the Sky," a speed-metal feast with two excellent bridges; and "Truth as I see it," a slow, haunting trip through personal liberation. During a time when drum solos are supposedly happily abandoned 70's baggage, Scott submitted a ten minute safari through dark rhythmland. The set closed with Nellessen's "Titan's Sea," a science fiction opus that begins with folk obscurity and ends with a delightfully furious wall of noise.

X it Out will soon be touring the tri-valley area and hopes to be well-known in Salt Lake by the end of the year. Shawn insists that the band will play "no covers." Manager Richard Stay jokingly responds "only if we play the Bar and Grill." Look for an album by next spring.

Original, unabashedly political as well as impressively skilled, their songs paradoxically mourn both the loss of individuality in a techno-society, and the greed and hostility of western individualism. Anyone looking for something new should hear them, and no one interested in the infusion of philosophy and music can afford to ignore them.Δ

BYU TATTOOED

Attention all tattooed students, faculty, and staff of BYU! We want your tattoo stories for an upcoming issue. Please send a 250-500 word essay about you and your tattoo to SR, Tattoo, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602. Please include name and phone. Names will be changed to protect the innocent. Δ

ELLA AND GARTH

by Rebecca Butler

ELLA WOKE TO A TEPID DAY. SHE DIDN'T even wear gloves when she walked the six city blocks to Garth's studio. She very nearly stepped off the elevator on the wrong floor before remembering that his apartment was on the top "to allow for more natural light flow." Garth was very interested in the natural aspect of art. On weekends he drove his Range-Rover up to the mountains and collected the maroon berries, rotting black bark and brown clay that he used to create pigments necessary for the organic type of art that he was so obsessed with. It was a difficult process, keeping the "paint" from becoming too heavy for the canvas. Multiple layers of thinned pigment were applied, allowing twenty-four hours for each to dry. Garth had quickly become popular with the ecology-minded crowd. Aging hippies in thick brown leather sandals were always commissioning large abstract pieces to hang in their cabins. Garth wasn't particularly interested in the environment, but he was fascinated by his own art and no matter how Ella tried, only his art.

Ella entered the blinding studio yelling for Garth. He emerged finally from the room at the back, holding a bottle of blood red sherry.

"Hullo Ella. Come see what I've been doing."

She followed him blithely across the studio to the thick canvas, spread on the floor, gazing at the dark pockets of color scattered randomly across it. Mounds of clay, caught mid-smear in a lower corner mixed with burnt orange and wandered into tired yellow.

"It's looking fine, Garth."

"No, No. It's far to trite. Looks like everything I've ever done. I'm searching for a certain color to give it vitality. I've tried every combination ... I want a deep burgundy, almost a brown, for the central focus. I can't find it! If I could place streaks of it there and there ..."

He pointed wildly with his brush, his face

twisting into a grimace.

"Ella, the perfect color must exist, but if it does, it's in a tube and I mustn't let myself use synthetics. It's truly against my artistic principles! I'll have to start over and begin again and really ... I can't!"

Ella trembled at his pale rage, backing slowly away from him.

"Garth," she faltered, "you're a lovely artist—and whatever you produce will be accepted. I believe—"

"Ella! Stay here. Don't move ... No—take off your coat," Garth commanded.

He stared narrowly at Ella, who wavered by the window. She seemed almost transparent, like she was crafted of very thin parchment, illuminated in her yellow blouse.

Garth approached her, running his chapped fingers gently up and down her glowing, rounded arms.

"Such beautiful skin, Ella. I can feel your pulse beating. You aren't nervous now, are you? Just stay still, honey. Sit down—yes—right on the canvas. I don't mind."

He kneeled next to her, handing her the sherry bottle, warm from his sweating palms.

"Drink up, Ella."

"No, Garth—I haven't, I mean I don't—"

"Ella. Don't be juvenile. Just a little drink, yes?"

"Yes." She sighed, and drank dutifully.

"Now just close your eyes. Here, lay on my lap. Just relax, Ella ... That's right."

She did so, exhaling through a tired timid smile.

Soon she felt an intense, searing pain. She screamed loudly, sobbing at the feel of her skin splitting open. She struggled, grabbed at the afflicted arm, but soon weakened. Ella opened her eyes halfway, barely seeing the glint of thin metal between Garth's hard fingers. He was not looking at her face, but stared, smiling at the perfect color streaming from her arm, running among the all-natural mountain colors on the soaking canvas.Δ

best friend's father, Bob Bloomer, took his son, Jim, and me to Huntington Beach just north of the pier. There, he set us loose with our own surfboards to catch and ride the waves. It was so easy. We were so small and the surfboard was so big that we had no trouble catching a wave and standing up.

Bob and Jim soon moved away, and when I was thirteen I started to ride my bike to the beach. Every summer David, Donald, and I would hook our swim fins to the handle bars of our bikes and make the four mile trek westward, on Brookhurst Street, towards the beach. It was during this daily ritual that I developed my fetish for bodysurfing. Together David, Donald, and I learned, through experience, what exactly a wave was, where it came from, and how it was formed. We learned how to ride the wave, how to control our position on the wave by taking advantage of and manipulating its power and speed. But the ocean continued its dictatorship, constantly reminding us who was really in control, by continually pounding us into the sand and holding us underwater for unbearable amounts of time.

I was only able to survive the ocean's abuse with a little experience and a lot of luck. My mother always cut out the neck-breaking horror stories from the newspaper, insisted that I stay out in front of the lifeguard, and reminded me to "BE CAREFUL."

During the next ten years my admiration and respect for the ocean and its waves grew. Occasionally I borrowed a surfboard and went surfing with my buddies down south at San Onofre and Trestles, but my heart was in bodysurfing; it was just me and the waves with nothing in between.

During the summers I ate, slept, dreamt, breathed, and lived the beach. I rarely wore anything else besides my homemade Kanvas by Katin bathing suit, even around the house; my physical being was at home, but my essence, my mind and innermost being were still at the beach. I rarely showered. I didn't need to.

Like Yeat's lake isle of Innesfree, I too have my haven—the ocean. I wake in these spring mornings and I hear the seagulls outside my window. My mind has always put the seagull's screech with the crashing waves of the ocean. In spirit I am taken back to the beach. In body I am still in Utah, longing to walk barefoot in the hot, dry sand, my feet burning, melting, relieved only by the cool, sweet ocean. Longing for the ocean's moist, salted air, and the way it covers your body with a deliciously, sticky skin, and the way it knots and tangles your hair. I long to be at the beach, whether it be Huntington, Balboa, or Ensenada. If it is Ensenada I can speak Spanish with the beautiful people, girls speaking to me in the familiar form "tu" or "vos." I can indulge in fish tacos, smothered with the white sauce, and spicy hot salsa. I can indulge in the churros, piping hot, fresh, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar—feeding them to the gulls. I long to stay at that house, on Punto Estero, isolated from the daily grind of school and work.

But most of all I long to release my body once again to the ravishing power of the waves. I want, once again, to float meaningless in the ocean's thick soup of energy and life. I want to glide swiftly, smoothly down the face of a wave, looking up to see the wave completely cover me, enveloping me within its bosom of water and then gently returning me safely to the surface.

I long to return to my home, my wilderness, my frontier, my mother, the ocean. I have tasted its power, its energy, its passion, and I am addicted. And as one generation passes their heirlooms to another, I too will pass on my addiction, raising up a seventh generation of native Californians, native lovers of the ocean.Δ

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IN A SMALL ROOM IN SPRINGTIME

by Jill Hemming

I am waiting for my hands to blossom, and for my mind to grow slowly up the wall to the window.

Since I came to this room I have felt like a very small piece of earth and I am waiting to see

what seeds have been planted.



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ONE SATURDAY IN KOREA

by Lisa M. Robbins



ON SATURDAY, 18 MAY 1991, MY SISTER Lori and I decided to take the Wonju shuttle bus to Yongsan and from there take the Seoul subway to City Hall. I wanted to get pictures; the news of the day suggested possible student protests downtown, and I wanted to see at least one protest before leaving Korea.

We got to the bus at nine in the morning and rode the two hours to Yongsan. A sign on the main gate of the compound warned of daily student rioting and recommended no unnecessary trips downtown, but that had never stopped us before.

If you're ever trying to get to City Hall, remember that the complementary USO MetroMap has an error: City Hall station #1 is actually two stops past #50 at Seoul Station. If you get off on the first stop, as the map indicates, you'll be under the Korea National Railway elevated tracks—and there's nothing there but a newsstand and an old guy selling greasy corndogs.

Finally, after getting lost and walking up and down the street twice, we stopped a Korean businessman who was waiting at a crosswalk and asked him where to find City Hall. Almost all Koreans speak some English, and many of them are surprisingly fluent, but he couldn't communicate the directions clearly enough to satisfy himself, so he hailed a taxi and took us there personally.

In the taxi he kept asking us if we were sure we wanted to go downtown. Didn't we know that there would be student protests? He pumped his arm up and down to suggest demonstrations and held his nose to indicate tear gas. (By that time, the Republic of Korea government had spent 4.7 billion won—around 3 million dollars—on tear gas to control rioting.) We said we knew, we knew. Confused, he shrugged his shoulders and dropped us off downtown. He paid the fare

and we thanked him. He looked worried, but how do you stop a dumb American?

When we arrived, nothing was happening. I counted thirty green riot buses with metal grills over the windows parked all over the Cross Street area. Hundreds of riot police dressed in green with helmets resembling Darth Vader's, shields, and flack jackets stood two by two in a semi-circle around City Hall. Across the street there were more riot police guarding the Foreigners Plaza Hotel. All of the subway exits and bus stops were guarded by more riot policemen who had been there since early morning.

It was hot. Nothing had happened all day and most of the police were sitting on their helmets, protecting their faces from the sun with their shields, or leaning against walls and waiting. The arrival of two American females seemed to be the most exciting thing that had happened in the last couple of hours. We got groups of them to smile and we took pictures of them until one of the sergeants saw what we were doing and barked at us to move along.

We went across the street up to the third floor of the Plaza Hotel to take pictures out of the window, and the only notable thing about Cross Street that day was how little there was going on there. The downtown district is a fashionable shopping area. On any regular day there are hundreds of businesspeople and tourists on the sidewalks. That day, the sidewalks were almost empty and even the traffic was lighter than usual.

Foreigners had taken the advice of AFKN newscasters to avoid the area. Koreans seemed to agree with Song Younk-hak, a businessman quoted the following day in an English language Korean daily: "It is a very explosive situation. With so many people watching from the sidelines, there is the potential for something terrible to happen.

"People should stay away. They should be ashamed that this is happening, not standing like spectators at a sporting event."

Something terrible had already happened once. On 26 April 1991, nineteen-year-old Kang Kyong-dae was clubbed to death by four twenty-year-old riot police. A fifth policeman hid the pipes under a bush. Kang was not a member of any student activist group and, in fact, had been coaxed to the anti-government rally by his sister.

By three o'clock the streets were still quiet, and we had to catch the shuttle back to Wonju. The rumored martyr's funeral for Kang Kyong-dae had apparently been prevented by the military show of force.

At the transfer at Seoul Station we heard loud chanting coming from the other end of the tunnel. As we stood there, thirty or forty students ran with flags and banners and t-shirts bearing the familiar newspaper photo of Kang. Students at the back of the crowd left stickers and small posters on the walls of the subway announcing the protest at City Hall. "Down with the dictatorial Roh Tae-woo government!" most of them read. The students were gone as fast as they came, headed back down the station towards City Hall.

The next day the paper said that 350,000 people had gathered in the crossroads in front of City Hall by four o'clock Saturday afternoon. Fifty thousand police had been mobilized all over the country, half of them in Seoul. Only a small fraction of the people who came were student protesters, and an even smaller number of the students were actually clashing with the police. All the same, the newspaper reported that dozens of people had been arrested and taken away, many with bloodied clothes and faces. There were also unconfirmed reports that protesters had started beating reporters with sticks and clubs.

On that day, three more people committed

self-immolation to protest Kang's death, bringing the total number of such suicides to nine. One student describing the protesters said, "[before the 26th] non-activists were taking control. Now people are killing themselves and the emotional impact of that is pulling more and more non-activists into the activist ranks every day.

"At first, they only attend rallies and marched. Then they get hit by a policeman and they become activist. The suicides were not of sound mind, but they have become martyrs and martyrs strengthen a movement."

Kang had been running away from a protest that had gotten out of control and was trying to climb a barrier wall when, witnesses say, the police pulled him down and beat him. The May protests were sparked when President Roh announced that the planned funeral march for Kang would not be allowed to pass through the City Hall shopping district because the government feared violence would lead to looting. And so the riot police waited for the students, and their martyrs coffin, to arrive.

Every young Korean male must serve a three year military term with the Army, Air Force, or Police. Most of the riot policemen are no older than the students whom they confront. The police are frustrated because public sympathy is usually for the students and any action the police take is seen as unnecessary. At the same time, the students are armed with sticks, rocks, and molotov cocktails. The police counter with tear gas, shields, and occasionally water cannons. And sometimes they are harassed into unforgivable violence.

But in a country of 43 million people, most have about as much daily contact with the rioting as anyone else in the world sitting at home watching CNN. The general opinion seems to be that the students are not going to get rid of President Roh's government—and most people don't want them to. Δ



FROM THE MINORITY

by A.J. Bohun

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED how minority newcomers really feel about BYU? I leave to you the choice of which minority. If you belong to the majority, the minority people will never tell you the truth. They might tell you their first impressions, then keep silent about the rest.

The first impression of Provo and BYU is exhilarating. BYU is amazingly well-kept. Everyone around you smiles. People are extremely interested in everything you do. Everyone is more than anxious to explain anything that

you do not understand. Your neighbors are frequent guests in your home. Cookies and other baked goods flow into your house.

Subsequent impressions are less exhilarating. After you find that the social manners and customs that you grew up with do not work here, you just give up on them. Talking to the people seems like talking to a wall. They are constantly trying to change you against your desperate will. The nosey "constantly caring" people and their artificial smiles become very tiring to you. You begin to wonder if this place and its people are real,

or if you've been hallucinating.

You keep wondering why the people do not want to accept you the way you are. You respect their values and views. Why don't they accept yours? You silently wish that they would bring you not their cookies but their hearts.

If you want to get an idea of what "minority" means, come to BYU. Even if the rest of the world doesn't consider you as such, here you will get the experience first hand. Δ

A.J. is from an unspecified Eastern Europe country.

VIEW FROM THE RIGHT

TEACHING MORALITY IN THE SCHOOLS

by Grant J. Solomon

AS BOTH A TEACHER AT THE MTC and a missionary at heart, nothing is more important to me than sharing and discussing feelings. However, despite the strength of my students' testimonies, I find that most of them are not acquainted with the "shell breaking" skills of sharing feelings.

This, of course, is mostly due to ordinary shyness. But shyness is not a natural characteristic. A baby is not born shy. A person learns to react with shyness towards something when he or she is not very proficient at it. And since proficiency is a result of repetition and practice, it's obvious to me that many of our youth come from home environments where there is little or no sharing of thoughts and feelings on relevant subjects. Hence, many young people today are unwilling or unable to deal with important moral issues, and tend to ignore them.

This is partly the result of values not being discussed at home. More importantly, it is due to a shortage of moral education in our schools. And so, yes, I am advocating moral instruction in public education. Often children gain no moral

orientation in their homes at all, or improper moral orientation is given. How many abused children keep their situation hidden because doing so was "taught" to them by their parents as standard behavior? Clearly, standards of behavior must be presented to children in the schools. We all know that children spend more time in the classroom than with parents; so what could be a better place for moral instruction than the public school system?

If it were up to me, I would start morals and values education in the seventh grade, if not sooner. It would consist of a daily class where moral and value issues were openly discussed, the goal being to help students formulate their own moral foundation. The following might be one way to proceed:

1. A moral issue relevant to society is introduced. All sides of the subject should be discussed.
2. The issue must be defined and qualified. What does it really mean, imply, insist upon?
3. The students are invited to take sides on the issue.
4. Any student who declares an opinion must justify it, defending it on the basis of what has been discussed.

5. The class would then examine the results of that decision, both good and bad, and how one would have to take responsibility for the consequences.

6. Finally, the class should discuss the total result: was it beneficial for the individual? for the community?

It can work. Through class discussions, essays, and projects, responsibility will be taught. Of course, it would be important to get parents involved; perhaps the class schedule would be made available to the parents. There might be programs to get parents involved in the teaching of the class so that hopefully the class discussions would continue in the home. This way, families would be drawn together and real foundations of value and thought would be established.

As people begin to think more clearly about choices and consequences, there will be less chaos and more order. More importantly, there will be increased cooperation as people really begin to understand the ways they might help or hurt one another. Surely, this would open the American mind. Δ

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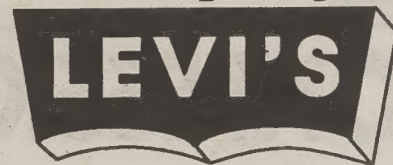
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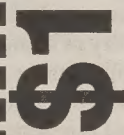


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CONFESSIONS OF A BYU BISHOP

by Bruce A. Van Orden

SERVING AS A BYU SINGLES' WARD BISHOP has been the most fulfilling calling I've ever had. The greatest responsibility of being a bishop is the opportunity to relate one-on-one with ward members. The scriptures and the General Authorities rightly equate the bishop's role to that of a shepherd, someone who must know his sheep and care for their needs, each in an individualized manner. Despite the student turnover from semester to semester, I sincerely try to know every person in my ward and not let anyone's needs fall through the cracks.

Most of my ward members live far from their parents. While they usually enjoy the freedom of being away from home, they still yearn for parental love. Very often I can help my ward members simply by acting as a surrogate parent, someone who will listen, empathize, encourage, counsel, and even give priesthood blessings. Their challenges

range from economic pinches to academic difficulties, from lovelorn tragedies to chronic depression. Some students still face the aftershocks of physical or sexual abuse.

I find my most vital role, however, is dealing with the many confessions about immoral behavior. In hearing these I'm convinced that almost all BYU students desire to live chaste lives. Yet their hormones are as active as they will probably ever be; difficulties arise and sins are committed. What a blessing it is for BYU students to be able to turn to a compassionate and experienced priesthood leader who can facilitate the repentance process and help turn them to their Redeemer, the Son of God! To have such a huge responsibility is indeed awesome.

Not only have students with the most grievous sins come for help, but also those students who—almost without realizing what was happening—have entered into

various forms of improper intimacies. I often counsel students who struggle with masturbation or out-of-control thought patterns, and I've been called on to help individuals with homosexual and bisexual tendencies. Yes, I was surprised to see the magnitude of morality cases that BYU bishops handle.

My greatest disappointment is witnessing that most members pay so little attention to preventative measures. Thousands of BYU students would suffer less spiritual trauma if they followed righteous standards: not staying out late, not *ever* going to the bedroom of a student of the opposite sex, not *ever* watching R- or X-rated movies, keeping the Sabbath holy, performing with diligence visiting and home teaching, praying always, and receiving a steady diet of spiritual nourishment, especially from the holy scriptures.

My happiest moments as bishop are when I see the Lord's atoning sacrifice take over in

a ward member's life. Each person, no matter the nature of his or her sins, needs to turn to Jesus Christ with full purpose of heart. Only a divine power can permanently change lives. Anyone who is willing can receive help, and if not through a bishop, from someone else.

My heart is filled with love toward my ward members; my fellow bishops, I'm sure, feel the same way toward their flocks. And it revitalizes me that the students love me despite my weaknesses. The bishop's mantle is a tangible reality. I praise the Lord that he has blessed me on vital occasions with additional stamina, wisdom, and compassion.

As a BYU bishop I take seriously my responsibility to keep confidential all transgressions and serious problems of my ward members. I respect them all the more when they take the necessary and often difficult steps to repent, putting their lives in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ.Δ

STUDENTS SPEAK OUT: HOW A BYU BISHOP HELPED ME

The following are experiences of BYU students that were either sent to Student Review in the mail or collected in the Cougarbeat. We've deleted the contributors' names for obvious reasons.

I had a bishop whose main concern was that we all felt included and welcome. He was always finding ways through activities, firesides, and so on to help us grow spiritually and become close friends. Having a good bishop makes all the difference.

Last year I was faced with episodic depression—serious depression, like suicidal, something I hid even from my roommates. Things got so bad one night that I just dropped in at my bishop's house as a last resort. Although he didn't have an instant cure, just opening up and sharing my inexplicable gloom with someone helped. He was compassionate and supportive. When I left I was still afraid of what was going on in my head, but I knew I didn't have to battle my depression alone anymore.

My bishop was friendly, courteous, and non-pressuring before I became a member. After I joined the church and many just left

me to sink or swim, my bishop supported and listened to me. He helped me to make the sometimes painful transition. This bishop became my confidant and counselor; most important, he became my friend.

My bishop has taught me the gutsy balance between individualism and respect for authority that is necessary in church administration. As his second counselor I've seen him speak his mind freely with the stake president, often disagreeing or raising difficult issues. (But he also respects the stake president's decision, no matter what it is.)

One time my bishop felt the need to talk about the problem of masturbation with the married men in our stake. He brought it up in the bishops' meeting with the stake presidency. Some balked, but other bishops told him it was a good idea. And even though it was an uncomfortable issue, he talked about it in priesthood. That talk was something we needed.

Two years ago I was struggling with going on a mission. I was not a bad person; I just

wasn't sure. Many of my friends helped, but the greatest help came from my bishop. He asked me for an interview, during which we talked about the usual things. Then he asked me if I was planning on a mission. I told him of my problems. He listened carefully and then gave me advice that helped me decided to go a few months later.

I had an old and wise bishop who, during break between semesters, had a big breakfast for students still around. It wasn't a dinky, anal-retentive breakfast either; he and his wife had plenty of the best food. I think that's the first time I ever had a real breakfast at BYU.

Because of the flexibility and understanding counsel given me by a BYU bishop, I am not only a believer in the gospel of Christ but also have greater faith in the church organization itself. He advocated, as well as appreciated, individuality and self-expression. Testimony meetings were a spiritual forum rather than a teeth-clenching hour of idioms and cliches.

The organist in the ward was particularly

important. Although his standing in the church was less than substantial, rather than alienating him, our bishop invited this man to play the organ, realizing that his truest form of worship was music. For me, and for many others, our ward became a place where I could express my true self.

The first bishop I had at BYU helped me by constantly encouraging me to get involved with school and not just sit on my rear. If I hadn't followed this advice, I probably would have left school a long time ago.

Last Sunday I went to talk to my bishop about a problem I had previously cleared up. I was looking to get my temple endowment and had already been in once, at which time he signed my recommend, but I just wanted to be sure. He was loving and said I was sweet for wanting to be sure I was worthy and that it was commendable that I was going to the temple even though I wasn't going on a mission or getting married. I asked for a hug when I left and got it.Δ

THEATER

June 13-August 5, Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park*, Hale Center Theater, SLC, 484-9257.

July 12 & 13, 24 & 25, *Noises Off*, Old Lyric Repertory Company, 25 W. Center, Logan, for info call 750-1500.

June 29-August 31, *Into the Woods*, Monday-Saturday, odd calendar days, 8:30 p.m., Sundance Summer Theater, call 225-4107.

July 1-Sept 7, 1991 Utah Shakespearean Festival: *Death of a Salesman*, *Hamlet*, *Misalliance*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *Volpone*, call 586-7878 for info and tickets.

July 25-August 10, *Charley's Aunt*, Pardoe Theater, 7:30 p.m., Matinee August 5, 4 p.m., \$5, call 378-3875.

July 8-Sept 5, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*, Park City Shakespeare Festival.

July 11-20, Mormon Miracle Pageant, Manti Temple grounds.

July 12-20, *Into the Woods*, The SCERA Shell theater, Orem.

THEATER GUIDE

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$6, weeknights \$5, 581-6961.

Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.

Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.

Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.

Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.

Salt Lake Repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.

Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N. 200 E. Lindon. Tickets: \$4, 785-1186 or 224-5310.

MUSIC

July 13, Snowbird Bluegrass Festival, Snowbird Pavilion, 3-10 p.m.

July 13, Guns and Roses and Skid Row, Salt Palace Arena, 7:30 p.m., Tickets and info available at Smith's Tix.

July 14, Folk artists Richard Thompson and Shawn Colvin, at Red Butte Gardens at the U of U, 6:30 p.m., \$10.

July 19, The Nylons, Snowbird Pavilion, 8 p.m., tickets \$18 and \$20, call 467-5996.

July 23, Spyro Gyra, Lee Ritenour and the GRP Allstars, ParkWest Amphitheater, 7:30 p.m.

July 25, Jazz pianist Marcus Roberts, Salt Lake Art Center sculpture court, 50 S. West Temple, 8 p.m., Free.

July 26, Bonnie Raitt and Chris Isaak, Parkwest Amphitheatre, 7:30 p.m.

July 26-28, Utah Jazz and Blues Festival, Snowbird, tickets and info available at Smith's Tix.

July 28, Classical guitarists Todd Woodbury and Paul Binkley with harpsichordist Ricklen Nobis, at Red Butte Gardens at the U of U, 6:30 p.m., \$5.

August 1, Colors of the Baroque, Chamber music, Salt Lake City Art Center sculpture court, 50 S. West Temple, 8 p.m., Free.

August 2, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Snowbird, 8 p.m., For tickets call 467-5996.

August 2, John Denver, ParkWest Amphitheatre, 7:30 p.m.

August 17, Nanci Griffith, "Queen of Folkabilly," Snowbird Pavilion, 8 p.m.

TEMPLE SQUARE CONCERT SERIES

Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," from 9:30-10 a.m. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.

Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8-9:30 p.m. Free.

July 12, Piano Concerti of Mozart, The Summer Chamber Orchestra, Susan Duehlmeier, piano soloist, 7:30 p.m., Free.

July 14, Carol Ann Hill, Soprano with Judy Morgan, Piano, 7:30 p.m., Free.

July 16-18, *An Evening of Voice*, The Fifth International Summer Vocal School, 7:30 p.m., Free.

July 20, The Salt Lake Chamber Winds, 7:30 p.m., Free.

Utah Symphony Tickets start at \$12, call 533-6683.

July 12&13, Utah Symphony Summer Season begins, July 12 movie composer Jerry Goldsmith conducts at Symphony Hall at 8 p.m., July 13 at Deer Valley at 7:30 p.m.

July 19, Utah Symphony with Conductor Dory Satseanes and the chorus will take you on a tour of Broadway, including music from "Phantom of the Opera," at 3:30 p.m. at Symphony Hall, at Deer Valley on July 20 at 3:30 p.m. and at the Snowbird Plaza on July 21 at 3:30 p.m., tickets available at Smith's Tix.

July 26, Sousa at the Symphony, Symphony Hall, 8 p.m., At Deer Valley on July 27, 7:30 p.m.

July 28, Alvino Rey, Snowbird, 3:30 p.m.

August 2, The Lettermen, Symphony Hall, 8 p.m., At Deer Valley on August 3, 7:30 p.m., At Snowbird on August 4, 3:30 p.m.

FILM

Varsity I

Call 378-3311 for show times.

July 9-11, *Shipwrecked*.

July 12-18, *If Looks Could Kill*.

July 19-25, *Arachnophobia*.

July 26-Aug 1, *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.

MOVIES 8

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CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

Avalon Theater, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

Cinema In Your Face, 45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647.

Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.

Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560.

Varsity I, ELWC; Varsity II JSB, BYU, 378-3311.

DANCE

July 8-26, Ririe-Woodbury (modern dance company) Dance Workshop at Snowbird, call 328-1062 for info.

Thursdays, Industrial Dance Music, The Pompadour, 740 S. 300 W., SLC, \$4 cover, info:537-7051.

ART

June 12-Sept 2, "Themes From the Scriptures," International Art Competition. Also "Cradle of the Restoration: Photographs of Church History Sites by George Edward Anderson," through June 9. Museum of Church History and Art, 45 W. Temple, 240-3310.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Air Pollution Report, current and expected levels, 533-7239.

Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.

General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.

UTA, 375-4636.

BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.

BYU Standards, 378-2847.

Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.

Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

KUTV News Hotline and Updates 373-9900, then dial 6397 for News, 2274 for Business, 7677 for Weather, 2255 for Sports, or 5653 for Jokes. It's all free.

SUNDANCE

Mt. Timpanogos Hike and Bike, through the end of September, weekends and holidays. Access scenic trails via the ski lift. Sundance Resort, call 225-4107 for info.

Guided Nature Hikes, Saturdays through August 31, 9:30 a.m., 225-4107.

June 15-Sept 1, Sunday Afternoon Jazz, Sundance Resort, on the Bridge Deck, from 2-4 p.m. Different Bands every week, free.

Outdoor Summer Theater, *Big River* (even calendar dates) and *Into the Woods* (odd calendar dates), daily except Sundays through August 31, 8:30 p.m., Bench seating: Fri & Sat \$10, Mon-Thurs \$9, Lawn Seating: \$8, Reservations required, call 225-4100.

Children's Theater, *Face2Face* (Thursday-Sunday, 1 p.m.), *Nobody Home* (Thursday-Sunday & Monday 6 p.m.), through August 31, Adults \$4, Children (12 and under) \$2.50, Reservations required, call 225-4100

August 13, A Special Evening with Kurt Bestor to benefit the Sundance Institute, 8 p.m., 225-4107.

OTHER

Monte L. Bean Museum of Life Science, 10-5 daily, 10-9 Mondays, 378-5052.

Join them for early morning bird walks from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. every Saturday morning at the Botany Pond, 5th East and 8th North.

BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m. call 378-5396.

Geneva Steel plant tours, MTuWF at 9 am and 1 pm, free. Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laser Floyd and Laserlight III. Info: 538-2098.

Poetry Readings, City Art, 240 S. Main, SLC, upstairs. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Also included is music and display art, call 942-1715, free.

Mondays, Readings of local women writers, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

July 20-27, Kamas Valley Fiesta Days, there will be a rodeo, parades, breakfasts, kids games and demolition derby.

July 27-28, NORBA National Points/World Cup Mountain Bike Race at Deer Valley/Telemark Park, there will be demonstrations, clinics, food and more.

July 26-27, Provo's annual sidewalk sale, Center Street, 9 a.m.-7 p.m., 374-5449.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

Since the weather is nice, enjoy the outdoors, like going to the Snowbird Bluegrass festival or the Sundance outdoor theater, but don't forget your sunscreen! For the more athletic types, try the Timpanogos Hike and Bike and make a stop at Timpanogos cave.

If the great outdoors isn't for you try the local theaters, there are so many good plays to see. My favorites are *Into the Woods*, *Noises Off* (the BYU production of this play was the most funny play I've ever seen. I never stopped laughing.), and *Barefoot in the Park*. Neil Simon is always good.

"When down in the mouth, Remember Jonah: he came out all right."

—Thomas Edison

"Once made equal to man, woman becomes his superior."

—Socrates

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1st Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 19	Nov. 14	Jan. 16	Feb. 20	Mar. 26	May 14	July 23
1st Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 20	Nov. 15	Jan. 17	Feb. 21	Mar. 27	May 15	July 24
1st Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 21	Nov. 16	Jan. 18	Feb. 22	Mar. 28	May 16	July 25
1st Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 24	Nov. 19	Jan. 21	Feb. 25	Mar. 31	May 19	July 28
1st Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 25	Nov. 20	Jan. 22	Feb. 26	Apr. 1	May 20	July 29
2nd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 26	Nov. 21	Jan. 23	Feb. 27	Apr. 2	May 21	July 30
2nd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 27	Nov. 22	Jan. 24	Feb. 28	Apr. 3	May 22	July 31
2nd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 28	Nov. 23	Jan. 25	Feb. 29	Apr. 4*	May 23	Aug. 1
2nd Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 1	Nov. 26	Jan. 28	Feb. 25	Apr. 7	May 26	Aug. 4
2nd Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 2	Nov. 27	Jan. 29	Feb. 26	Apr. 8	May 27	Aug. 5
3rd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 3	Nov. 28	Jan. 30	Feb. 27	Apr. 9	May 28	Aug. 6
3rd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 4	Nov. 29	Jan. 31	Feb. 28	Apr. 10	May 29	Aug. 7
3rd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 5*	Nov. 30	Feb. 1	Feb. 29	Apr. 11	May 30	Aug. 8
Mon. Mat.	4:00 p.m.	Sep. 30	Nov. 25	Jan. 27	Feb. 24	Apr. 6	May 25	Aug. 3

* These performances will begin at 8:30 p.m.
Guys and Dolls will be performed in the de Jong Concert Hall. If you pick a night with two performances shown, you will be randomly given tickets to one of the two performances.

MARGETTS SEASON SCHEDULE

Day	Time	BROADWAY IN CONCERT	THE ASCENT OF LULU MCPHERSON	CROSSING DELANCY	AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE	THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
1st Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 3	Nov. 21	Jan. 30	Mar. 19	May 7
1st Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 4	Nov. 22	Jan. 31	Mar. 20	May 8
1st Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 5*	Nov. 23	Feb. 1	Mar. 21	May 9
1st Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 8	Nov. 26	Feb. 4	Mar. 24	May 12
1st Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 9	Nov. 27	Feb. 5	Mar. 25	May 13
2nd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	Feb. 6	Mar. 26	May 14
2nd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 11	Nov. 29	Feb. 7	Mar. 27	May 15
2nd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 12	Nov. 30	Feb. 8	Mar. 28	May 16
2nd Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 15	Dec. 3	Feb. 11	Mar. 31	May 19
2nd Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 16	Dec. 4	Feb. 12	Apr. 1	May 20
3rd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 17	Dec. 5	Feb. 13	Apr. 2	May 21
3rd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 18	Dec. 6	Feb. 14	Apr. 3	May 22
3rd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 19	Dec. 7	Feb. 15	Apr. 4*	May 23
Mon. Mat.	4:00 p.m.	Oct. 14	Dec. 2	Feb. 10	Mar. 30	May 18

* These performances will begin at 8:30 p.m.

THE BENEFITS OF BEING A SEASON TICKET SUBSCRIBER

AVOID SELL-OUTS—We are often unable to provide tickets to meet demand because a show is sold out. As a season ticket holder, your place is reserved for each show.

SAVINGS—As a season ticket holder, you receive a discount on already-low prices.

CONVENIENCE—Pay with your credit card by mail or phone, or mail your check. If you're a member of BYU Faculty or staff, the price of your tickets can be deducted from your payroll check.

SIT WITH FRIENDS—Simply send your orders in one envelope, and we will issue your tickets together.

ADVANCE MAILINGS—Receive notice of upcoming events not included in your season

ORDERING SEASON TICKETS

Season Tickets may be purchased for either the Pardoe, Margetts, or both theatres. You will find order forms and a schedule for each theatre on the back page of this brochure. If you desire to purchase tickets for both theatres, please complete both forms and return them with the appropriate remittance.

ORDERING BY TELEPHONE

Season Tickets may be ordered by telephone by paying with a Visa or Mastercard. However, season tickets must be ordered before the deadlines on the order forms. All season tickets will be mailed out.

Individual tickets may be reserved by telephone. Tickets reserved must be picked up one day before the performance for which they were reserved. Tickets not picked up will be released.

PARDOE SEASON ORDER FORM

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

TYPE OF SEASON BOOK: _____ NUMBER OF BOOKS _____ AMOUNT _____

General Public _____ @ \$45.00 \$ _____

BYU Alumni with ID Card _____ @ \$42.00 \$ _____

Senior Citizen (60 and over) _____ @ \$38.00 \$ _____

Faculty, Staff, Student, Child (6-18 years) _____ @ \$35.00 \$ _____

Handling Fee (Please Add \$2.00) _____ \$ 2.00

☐ New Season Ticket Holder

☐ Renewal from last year (nights as indicated below) TOTAL \$ _____

DEADLINE FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS IS SEP. 13, 1991

DEADLINE FOR RENEWING SEASON TICKETS IS AUG. 30, 1991

DAY OF THE WEEK REQUESTED:

- | | | |
|------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Thursday* | <input type="checkbox"/> First Friday | <input type="checkbox"/> First Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Thursday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Friday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Third Thursday | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Friday | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Tuesday | <input type="checkbox"/> First Wednesday | <input type="checkbox"/> Monday Matinee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Tuesday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Wednesday | |

* First, Second, and Third refer to the play run, not the month (see schedule dates)

PAYMENT IS:

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check # _____ (make separate checks if ordering Arena also)
- ☐ Visa/MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____
- Signature (for credit-card orders) _____
- ☐ Payroll Deduction (BYU faculty and staff only) - SSN _____
- ☐ Faculty ☐ Staff ☐ Ad. Staff

Send To:

Theatre Ticket Office, Brigham Young University, Box 26, HFAC Provo, Utah 84602

MARGETTS SEASON ORDER FORM

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

TYPE OF SEASON BOOK: _____ NUMBER OF BOOKS _____ AMOUNT _____

General Public _____ @ \$29.00 \$ _____

BYU Alumni with ID Card _____ @ \$28.00 \$ _____

Senior Citizen (60 and over) _____ @ \$26.00 \$ _____

Faculty, Staff, Student, Child (6-18 years) _____ @ \$25.00 \$ _____

Handling Fee (Please Add \$2.00) _____ \$ 2.00

☐ New Season Ticket Holder

☐ Renewal from last year (nights as indicated below) TOTAL \$ _____

DEADLINE FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS IS SEP. 25, 1991

DEADLINE FOR RENEWING SEASON TICKETS IS SEP. 20, 1991

DAY OF THE WEEK REQUESTED:

- | | | |
|------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Thursday* | <input type="checkbox"/> First Friday | <input type="checkbox"/> First Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Thursday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Friday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Third Thursday | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Friday | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Tuesday | <input type="checkbox"/> First Wednesday | <input type="checkbox"/> Monday Matinee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Tuesday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Wednesday | |

* First, Second, and Third refer to the play run, not the month (see schedule dates)

PAYMENT IS:

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check # _____ (make separate checks if ordering Pardoe also)
- ☐ Visa/MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____
- Signature (for credit-card orders) _____
- ☐ Payroll Deduction (BYU faculty and staff only) - SSN _____
- ☐ Faculty ☐ Staff ☐ Ad. Staff

Send To:

Theatre Ticket Office, Brigham Young University, Box 26, HFAC Provo, Utah 84602